

AUGUST 1940



# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



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HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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# Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 8

The broadcast about high-bred dogs being shipped here from England, which has resulted in a multitude of inquiries pouring into several humane societies, is dealt with in another column.

What a host of unfortunate family pets—dogs, cats, birds—have suffered and are still to suffer from this devastating and cruel war. Homes destroyed, their owners wandering without food even for themselves, much less for their animals. One can only hope that these sad creatures cannot suffer the mental and spiritual anguish those who have cared for them and loved them must know.

Is there anything connected with this war, deadliest in its cruelties and horrors beyond all that men have known, for which the faintest spark of gratitude may be kindled? Yes—iron, steel, oil, gasoline have so taken the places of horses and mules that now, as compared with the past, only a few of these faithful servants of man are doomed to mutilation and death on fields of battle.

No less than 180 newspaper clippings relating to the 1940 animal poster contest conducted by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in the schools of the state have been received at the office of the Society. This shows how great is the interest of the pupils and the school officials in this annual event. Many children, no doubt, are already looking forward to the contest for 1941, the terms of which will be announced in the January number of *Our Dumb Animals*.

The Federal refuge system for wild life has steadily been growing since President Theodore Roosevelt began it by setting aside Pelican Island, Florida, for that purpose in 1900. July 1, 1933, approximately 1,600,000 acres of land, we are told, were embraced in the system, and at the present time something like 13,500,000 acres are included; and to these other refuges are constantly being added. The desert game ranges vary in size from 15,000 to over 2,000,000 acres.

## Where Shall Wisdom be Found?

HAVE you listened to the speeches, the addresses and the so-called sermons from the lips of our wise men—college presidents, professors, scientific experts—telling us how and why we have failed as a nation to live up to the ideals and achievements of the men who laid the foundations of our great democracy, and why modern civilization is being threatened with its doom? You may have wondered whether the belief in a moral universe whose laws cannot be violated with impunity—in other words, whether religion, the faith of our fathers—had had anything to do with the greatness of the nation they handed down to the generations to follow.

We reap what we sow as truly in the moral and spiritual world as in the physical. Have we outgrown the belief that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom? Do we believe that the training of the intellect in the realms of science and in the teachings that ignore the claims of religion upon the souls of men is all that is needed to make a nation great? That all that men and nations need is an education like this to save the world?

Well—has not the present, appalling condition in which the world finds itself the answer to these questions?

## What Would He Write Today?

Somewhere around the middle of the last century Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote the following lines. What would he have written on this subject had he been living today?

*Were half the power that fills the earth  
with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps  
and courts  
Given to redeem the human mind from  
error,  
There were no need of arsenals and forts.*

## Motorists, Please Watch Out!

THE vacation season is here and motorists are out in full force. We would like to enter a plea for the wild and domestic animals, which are subjected to an ever-increasing hazard. Small animals and birds of every kind fall victims to the on-rushing tide.

At the Angell Animal Hospital in Boston, in 1938, 1,622 animals (mostly dogs and cats) which had been struck by automobiles were brought in for treatment, while in 1939, 1,348 were entered. Of these some recovered, wholly or partially, some died, and others were so badly injured that there was no hope for them and they had to be humanely put to sleep. In addition to these, each year 1,000 or more injured strays are collected and brought to the Hospital, animals which have been struck and perhaps left by the roadside.

A little less speed, and a little more consideration of some one's pet or some creature of the wild would materially reduce the death toll each year.

## From the Philippines

Many of our readers will be glad of the following, which has come to us from a friend in those Islands. The words are taken from an article by him which appeared in the publication under the heading of "Church News."

"But one of the first things that the American people did, upon arrival here, was to hand out the Bible, at first only in English and Spanish, but little by little this was changed and today, all over the islands, the people, whatever their dialect (with a few exceptions), may read it and be shown the true pathway of life.

"And now, from one end of the Archipelago to the other, true and loyal and hard-working Christians are to be found attending to their church duties, praying and taking part in the services, reading and teaching the Scriptures to the young."



## Tragedy in the Wood

ANNE ABBOT DOVER

*Staining the snow's white purity  
With blots of red, it huddled lay.  
Whoever shot at it was moved  
But by a wanton urge to slay;  
The fact that he had left it there  
Proves clearly that he had no wish  
(Who so profaned the peaceful path)  
For rabbit as a supper dish.  
He brought it down in sport's good name,  
A mere half foot from sheltering cover—  
I'm very sure that such a man  
I'd never choose for friend or lover.*

## The Bear Lacked a Flute

WESLEY MELZIAN

A BEAR that stalked a sheep came nightly just to see the lambs cavort and play! Smacks a little of a "Peter Pan" or an "Alice in Wonderland" tale. But it actually happened in the Sierra foothills in California. And the bear was a grizzly at that.

James Crandall (which wasn't his real name) was a sheep man, or wool raiser, who ran numerous flocks on the grass-covered hills just below the giant, timbered slopes of the Sierras.

One spring Crandall received word from one of his herders that a huge grizzly was making frequent visits to that particular sheep camp. No further details or explanations were given in the report, so Crandall supposed, naturally, that the bear's object was mutton—mutton being to bears what fried chicken is to the average man. Therefore, on his next trip with supplies for that camp, he took along his big game rifle.

It was night when he, on horseback, neared the camp. But a bright, full moon was shining, lighting up the rangeland. Within a hundred yards or so of the pole corral, into which the sheep were herded each night, Crandall suddenly discovered that he and Mr. Grizzly were making their visits simultaneously. From the direction of the mountains came the huge, shambling figure of the bear.

Crandall immediately dismounted, tied his horse to a clump of brush, and started for the corral, which was the focal point of their respective, right-angle courses. The bear, however, got to the corral first and climbed nimbly over the fence. Crandall, sneaking up, found the beast sitting on its haunches in the center of the enclosure.

Fear of their natural enemy caused the terrified sheep to crowd trembling against the pole fence, leaving a somewhat circular patch of considerable size to the grizzly and the lambs.

The lambs, not knowing enough to fear the intruder, busied themselves by skipping, playing and chasing about in a moonlight patch between the sheep and the bear, while the bear continued to keep his position, turning his head this way and that, and watching very intently all the movements of the gleeful lambs.

Having seen this much, and fully believing that the bear meant soon to take a sheep away with him, Crandall raised his rifle, took careful aim, and—snap went the hammer. This alarmed the bear and, seeing the man, he loped to the fence, rather



IN FOREST PARK, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

By Mrs. Fannie P. Smith, Springfield, Mass.  
Winner of third prize (See opposite page)

leisurely, or so it seemed, jumped its three-foot height, and took to the mountains again, disappearing almost instantly in the shadows of a draw.

On examining into the queer action of his rifle, Crandall found that in his excitement at finding the bear so soon he had forgotten to chamber a cartridge. It was now too late to chase after the bear, so he went on to the camp shack where he found his herder busy preparing supper. The herder, apparently, was unaware of the bear's visit, or so it seemed until Crandall mentioned the fact. Then his statement startled the sheep owner.

"Oh," said he, "I saw him comin', but I didn't see you. That grizzly don't do nothin' to the sheep. He's never hurt one yet. He only comes to see the little ones play. He comes nigh unto every night, and sometimes twice the night."

The herder later informed Crandall that the bear continued these visits to the flock for almost a month afterwards.

## A Bit about Turtles

GLADYS JORDAN

OF our true turtles there are three common species, though there are over four hundred that belong to the Chelonia order, or toothless reptiles. The hawkbill, the green and the loggerhead are well known. They have tough, leathery skins, or plates, as they are usually called, which is really a horny shell or series of shells.

The hawkbill turtle has thirteen plates of shell, the central ones triangular, six or seven inches wide and weighing eight pounds or more. Instead of the plates being joined together by their edges, so as to make one piece of shell, they are thinned off at the posterior margins and overlap each other, like the shingles on a roof. From these plates the most beautiful tortoise shell is made and is used for decora-

tive purposes all over the world.

In earlier days many a shipwrecked crew found life-saving sustenance in turtle meat and turtle soup and large quantities of turtles were carried on sailing ships.

Turtles live to be very old and attain great size. One captured and taken to England weighed 560 pounds and its shell measured fifty-five inches in length. Another, sold in London, weighed 870 pounds.

Our land turtle is usually herbivorous. His neck is retractile, often drawing back into his shell until he seems to have no neck at all. His shell is not convex like that of his brother who lives in the water. Instead it is flattened and it is only partly ossified. But all turtles have the tough, leathery skin. And their twisted legs and club-shaped feet are what probably gave them their name, for tortoise comes from the French word, "tortis," which means twisted.

The terrapin is a fresh water tortoise common along the Atlantic coast. It is seldom more than six or seven inches in length of shell. Unlike others it is bright and varied in color. On the land it is slow in motion but once in the water it moves with surprising swiftness, and woe be unto the tiny fish or frog that comes into its path when it is hungry.

The snapping turtles have long necks that dart out like a flash and withdraw just as quickly and often their prey disappears with it.

Dull, awkward and with slow-hitching gait, the mud turtle makes his way across the flats, but here again Nature hides its beauty beneath a drab shell. For these same creatures have given much of beauty and of food to mankind and in return mankind should be considerate of them.

The twenty-seventh annual Be Kind to Animals Week will be celebrated April 21 to April 26, 1941, opening with Humane Sunday, April 20.

## Red Fox

ALMA ROBISON HIGHBEE

*You pace your cage and hark to the wind's  
faint sighing,  
Out in the hills where your wild heart  
longs to go,  
Forgetting the winter day when I found  
you lying  
A dim-eyed, broken thing, in the reddened  
snow.*

*The sumach fires on the distant slopes are  
burning,  
And wild grapes hang like polished gems  
on the vines,  
And thistle shadowed nights awake your  
strange deep yearning  
When the hunters' lantern glimmers  
among the pines.*

*On a gold and russet day, with wood smoke  
curling  
Up from the lonely coves, I shall set you  
free,  
Then you can go back to a small stream's  
restless purling,  
To your mate and your home at the roots  
of a hemlock tree.*

*And on blue-white winter nights, at my  
window ledge,  
I shall hear you call, from yonder timber-  
edge.*

Many birds not ordinarily gifted as singers have beautiful flight songs. It is not generally known that individual meadow-larks are fine singers when in flight.

I complained because I had  
no shoes -- until I saw a man  
who had no feet. . . .

I want ten million people to read this little sermon. How many shall I send you to drop in your outgoing mail? No obligation. WILL B. OTWELL, Carlinville, Ill.



EVERY GOOSE HAS ITS DAY

By D. G. Rice, Boston, Mass.  
Winner of second prize

## Twenty-three Prizes Awarded for Photographs

Contest of "Our Dumb Animals," Closing June 30, Brought Pictures from Many Distant Points



THE BREAD-WINNER

By Duke D'Ambra, Lawrence, Kansas  
Winner of first prize

TWENTY-THREE prizes were awarded by *Our Dumb Animals* in the contest for the best photographs of wild animals and wild birds, which closed June 30, 1940. The first thirteen prizes were cash, the others comprised a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*.

One hundred and thirty-seven photographs were received. They came from all sections of the United States and Canada. While contestants could submit as many pictures as they liked, only one prize was allowed to any one contestant. Here are the names and addresses of the winners:

First prize, Duke D'Ambra, Lawrence, Kansas; second prize, D. G. Rice, Boston, Mass.; third prize, Mrs. Fannie P. Smith,

Springfield, Mass.; fourth, Roland Ryder-Smith, Seattle, Washington; fifth, Francis H. Stevens, Waverley, Mass.; sixth, Robert H. Boody, Hyannis, Mass.; seventh, Fred J. Giduz, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; eighth, Mrs. A. C. Gould, Delmar, New York; ninth, C. A. Musgrave, Seattle, Washington; tenth, Jos. Jayko, Adams, Mass.; eleventh, Rev. Willis J. Loar, Spokane, Washington; twelfth, Bertha Eberhart, Sacramento, California; thirteenth, Robert Charon, Bradford, Mass.; fourteenth, Mrs. Joseph Watson, Yalesville, Connecticut; fifteenth, Miss Catharine Curtis, Woburn, Mass.; sixteenth, Miss Helen Heaton, Rifle, Colorado; seventeenth, Susan H. Mahoney, Charlestown, Mass.; eighteenth, David J. Morris, Austin, Texas; nineteenth, Dr. Ira A. Eberhart, Chicago, Illinois; twentieth, Mary E. Tripp, Worcester, Mass.; twenty-first, Mrs. Clark Wood, Montrose, Pennsylvania; twenty-second, Earl C. Ives, Chicago, Illinois; twenty-third, Mrs. J. G. D'Arcey, Evansville, Indiana.

## Better to Spare the Crow

Some time ago the State of Pennsylvania passed an anti-crow law which offered a bounty of fifty cents for each bird killed. Over a hundred thousand dollars was paid out in bounties when it was discovered that mice and rats and other pests had increased alarmingly. Furthermore, an estimate was made, which was generally approved, that the bounty law had cost the farmers over two million dollars. Then the law was repealed.

Illinois also had a bounty law on crows at one time but not for long as it appeared that enterprising gentry from outside the state were shipping in crows by the carload. It has become more and more apparent that the crow has its place in the economy of nature.

**"Old Jerry"**

STILLMAN J. ELWELL

*Another horse must do my work,  
Less swift his step will be,  
Less proud the arching of his neck,  
His heart less true to me!*

*Another's neigh will greet my ears  
As day is ushered in;  
Less glossy black the coat he wears,  
Less white the heart within.*

*Enough of gold will buy a horse  
To fill my heart with pride,  
But gold can't buy the friendship  
I lost when Jerry died!*

**A Sea Gull De-Oilery**

RAN TERSEN

WHEN crews of submarine-chasers see an oil patch spread over the surface of the ocean after the release of a number of depth charges, they know another U-boat has been put out of action. But, what of the sea birds in such waters? Sea gulls attracted by the enormous numbers of fish which come to the surface, stunned or killed by the high explosive detonations, often have their plumage drenched with the floating fuel oil from the disabled undersea craft. Soon, these oil-soaked birds are helpless derelicts who must drown or drift shoreward to die.

To care for these oil-drenched sea gulls, one of the strangest hospitals in the world is being operated on the Cornish coast of England near the town of Penzance. Sponsored by a white-haired, sixty-five-year-old woman, Mrs. Vglesias, and her two daughters, hundreds of feathered patients are treated weekly in the crude wooden buildings which make up this oddest of war hospitals.

Since the outbreak of the present war, the hospital has been filled to capacity. Now, every time a U-boat is sunk, fisher-folk for miles around scour the beaches and watch at sea for helpless gulls. One morning over seven hundred birds were picked up and sent to Mrs. Vglesias for the de-oiling treatment.

**The Faithful Horse**

F. SAUNDERS

Forty years ago only a rich man could own a car. Now the automobile and tractor have rapidly superseded the gentle and faithful old horse. Yet, in some sections of our country, the horse is still man's most dependable servant. Particularly is this true on out-of-the-way cattle ranches. How long would a herd of steers stay bunched if cowboys attempted to ride around them in automobiles? Only until they heard the first explosion of the exhaust, then a wild, free-for-all stampede would be underway.

Horses are indispensable on logging operations in the northern Maine lumber camps. They work hard for six days each week and rest on the seventh, Sunday.

A teamster once remarked that the horses seemed to know when Sundays came. When asked to explain his statement, he replied: "On workdays every horse is on his feet, ready for hay and grain, at four o'clock each morning. But on a Sunday, when I feed them later than usual, I'll find most of them lying down. Anyone who says horses don't figure things out for themselves—well, he doesn't know horses, that's all."

Which to horse-lovers is a pretty sensible statement.

It is estimated that there are 111 cormorant colonies on islands along the Maine coast. On Old Man Island alone there are thought to be 1,000 of these birds.



SHEEP GRAZING ON SALISBURY PLAIN, TRAINING GROUND OF BRITISH ARMY. THIS SCENE IS NEAR AMESBURY

**"Nellie"**

The Horse Who Sold Himself

A. GRACE GRAY

THIS true story was told to me by F. A. Featherstone, proprietor of an exchange stable in Nelson, Ontario.

I bought "Nellie" when she was a colt. I had owned her mother during her best days and have always considered her one of the best horses I ever had in my stables.

Nellie proved to have the same characteristic in traveling as her mother—a certain proud way of stepping along the road, looking first to one side and then to the other, an almost nervous expectancy, as though something was about to leap out of either ditch at her. Nervous? Not she! She was simply enjoying herself.

When Nellie was nicely broken into harness a buyer came, requesting a driving horse for his daughter. This daughter, he explained, was verging on a nervous breakdown because of a sudden loss of voice which threatened her career as a singer. He thought that a new interest such as driving might help her to regain control of herself. He wanted a fine appearing horse and one that was trustworthy.

I showed him Nellie and, having hitched her to the buggy, we started down the road. He complained of her manner of travel—too nervous, too skittish, going from one side of the road to the other. He couldn't trust his daughter to her; her nerves were in bad trim anyway. Just as we were ascending a hill we saw a car approaching. Cars were unusual on the roads in those days. I saw my prospective buyer wince. Here is the test, I thought. So I carelessly let the lines fall beside the whip and began to light my pipe.

"Watch out there," he shouted, in a frenzy. "Don't you see that car coming?" "Yes," I replied calmly. "But I first want to light my pipe."

His terror was hardly controllable as the car shot past. But Nellie did not so much as quiver. Fear was not in her.

"You'd better turn around and drive back now," my companion said quietly.

I obeyed without a word. "Guess I've gone one step too far," was my inward conclusion. "Lost a good sale, just trying to show off."

But, to my surprise, a few days later the man returned. This time he had his daughter with him. He requested me to hitch Nellie up and let his daughter take a turn at driving her. After the demonstration he paid me two hundred and thirty-five dollars for her.

She proved, as I had boasted, an invaluable mare. The daughter used to take her to town on shopping trips. One day when driving across a busy intersection a child suddenly darted out from the sidewalk, slipped, and fell down directly in Nellie's path. She was trotting briskly but when she saw the child she braced her fore feet and slid until she touched her.

"We resolved then," the daughter declared to me, "that no one else would ever own Nellie. By her refusal to step on that child she won our undying esteem and love. Nothing would ever persuade us to part with her."



## The Sybarite

RUTH PAGE

*Rajah climbs on roofs of slate  
Thinks nine lives a joyous fate;  
Eyes of sapphire, coat of sable,  
Purrs as only he is able;  
Languid beast in roses lying,  
Somnolence alone belying.  
Monkey-like he runs along,  
Hearing some far eastern song,  
Leaves vexed spiders in his wake  
For feathered cobwebs round him shake;  
Wanders to a leaf-strewn glade,  
Settles silent in the shade,  
Glancing once toward working bees,  
Smiles and sleeps, Lord Siamese.*

## A Life-Saver Cat

G. P. RONICKE

ON the large farms in this semi-arid section of North Dakota, life is a struggle. Cats and dogs have to prove their worth besides being pets. Cats and dogs cannot be coddled as in cities and towns. Dogs don't live so long because of the rigors; the weather and cattle are rough on dogs. But cats—their job is to keep down the mice and rat population. Relax on vigilance in this direction, then your grain and other stuff is gravely endangered. You have to keep cats whether you have an aversion to felines or not. You all know the casualty on cats is high.

"Twas a worthless cat that stood by when Marianne was threatened by a rattler. The baby girl repeatedly reported to her busy mother that this object of her interest went 'pth-th.'"

"Oh, that's only a grasshopper; go and play," was the mother's indulgent answer in dismissing the child.

After the third time, there was an unmistakable rattle. The mother, horrified, rushed to the scene, fearing the worst. There stood the worthless cat, between the coiled rattler and the curious child, with a paw poised in readiness to halt the strike.

Needless to say, the snake was summarily destroyed. A new appreciation for cats has taken place.



"BENNIE," NINETEEN YEARS OLD

## Do Not Let This Happen to Your Pet!



*It's all gone, Mister!  
My folks are gone, too!*

*I'm hungry and I'm thirsty—  
What shall I do?*

## Two Cats and a Radio

EDITH H. MORRELL

ANIMALS act so much like us human beings sometimes that we're bound to be either amazed or amused. I think I was both when I saw the reaction of our two cats to our first radio.

"Murphy," a young cat with a yellow coat and big amber eyes, walked in nonchalantly, wiggled his ears back and forth as sweet music tickled his hearing, stared at the radio, crooked the tip of his tail a time or two, then drifted over and sat down in front of the thing. And there he stayed as long as the sweet music lasted, turning first one ear, then the other, waving his tail gently, giving every sign of pleasure. He was young enough to take this amazing world as he found it, no matter what strange gadget turned up, as long as it showed no signs of being an enemy.

The first time voices came out of that brown box he was amazed indeed. His eyes dilated, his ears pointed abruptly forward. He rose cautiously and looked behind the radio. Seeing no one, he lashed his tail a time or two, glared at his mistress as if he thought she was playing tricks on him, and stalked away. After that he paid no attention to voices but he always listened when violins played.

But with "Chad" it was something else again. Good gracious, yes! Chad was old and gray and full of years, wise in the ways of the world. And he knew men's voices didn't come out of brown boxes. They simply didn't, that was all! He glared suspiciously when music poured from the radio, but when men's voices boomed out from that funny box, it was too much. Up went Chad's back, every hair on end, his tail ballooned straight up in the air. He glared for a moment in stark terror just as you or I might do if we'd never heard of a radio. Then he bolted for the door, making a wide swath as far away from that uncanny thing as he could get. He gave that radio a wide berth from then on. To get rid of Chad, all we had to do was to turn on the radio and away went the cat.

## Dogs Do Reason

BLANCHE BUTLER

I HAVE had many smart dogs, but "Dock" is the smartest yet. One of the things I have always tried to impress upon him is cleanliness in his eating habits. I always feed him in his own tin dish on the back porch, and he will seldom eat anything which he finds on the ground.

Down the street from our house, however, lives a friend of mine who is very fond of Dock, and he formed the habit of saving choice bones and meat scraps and tossing them out to Dock whenever the dog appeared at his back door, as often happened. Having no dish handy, and supposing it to be a matter of unimportance anyway, he threw the meat on the ground and thought no more about it. Although well fed at home, it was hard for my dog, true to his nature, to refuse good meat, so he always ate it and came back next day for more.

Although eating the meat, Dock had evidently done some serious thinking while he ate. One day, in answer to a knock at my door, I opened it, and there stood my friend on the porch, holding a tin dish in his hand. "I found this on my back porch this morning," he said. It looks to me very much like the dish I have seen you feed Dock in. Have you missed his dish?"

Being a rather late riser, I had not yet gone out to feed my dog, so we went together to the back porch and found the dish gone from its usual place. Just then Dock came bounding around the corner with a tell-tale look on his face, as much as to say, "Well, I certainly did the right thing this time, didn't I?"

He had evidently decided at last that my friend had no dishes, and as it was strictly against his principles to eat longer from off the ground, he took his own dish to the neighbor, confident that I would provide him with another dish at home. This was certainly as sensible reasoning as that of any human could have been, and after this Dock was able to obey his laws of cleanliness in his eating both at home and abroad.

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

AUGUST, 1940

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-two lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

## The Great Band of Mercy

AS our readers have learned in former issues, the largest Band of Mercy ever organized through the instrumentality of the American Humane Education Society is that known as the Philippine Commonwealth Chapter, with a present membership of more than 1,300—a large proportion of these adults. The organizer of this Band in the Philippines is Mr. Irving Hart.

In his application for the renewal of the permit from the Director of Public Welfare at Manila, he says:

"During the past six-month period a great deal of effort has been made to secure additional members, and, with this end in view, and with the approval of the Board of Directors, I have made several trips to the Provinces, including Sorsogon, Legaspi, Naga, Les Banes, Novaliches, Malabon, Cavite, Iloilo, Capiz, Coron, and the Culion Leper Colony, as well as to two large Boy Scout Jamborees, and to several church conventions. Therefore, as at practically all of these places, I was given an opportunity of addressing the assemblages, I told of the Band of Mercy, its aims and its aspirations, as well as its accomplishments, inculcating in the minds of all, especially the little ones, the importance of kindness, not only to animals, but to all that live that are worthy of any consideration. These remarks, very probably, induced many to sign the Band of Mercy cards and become active members, the total secured numbering (as may be seen by my Report of May 15), 614 paid, and 158 unpaid members.

In several places also, the Mayors, with a desire to aid in the campaign for Humane Education, requested the Superintendent of Schools to assemble all the school children, so that I, the Mayor, the Superintendent, and some others might address them, the largest one being at Dao, Capiz, where it was estimated 1,500 persons were present.

I also visited several provincial hospitals, convents, churches, Y. M. C. A.'s, and the like, making addresses and securing members, I, at all of these places securing promises of full co-operation."

Join the Jack London Club and help stop cruelty to animals on stage and screen.

## Dogs from England

A RADIO broadcast from Chicago told the public that a great number of high-bred dogs were to be shipped from England to Boston to save them from what the war might mean to them. The broadcast also said that anyone who wished to adopt one of these dogs could obtain one through *Pets Magazine*.

Immediately our Society and the New York Society, and doubtless many others, were flooded with letters, telegrams and telephone calls asking for a dog. Even from Texas came a telegram asking for a dog of a special breed.

We wrote at once to the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington to know if any information regarding the report had come to them and the answer was "No." We called up the British Consul here and he knew nothing about it. Then came word from the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in New York, saying that appeals for dogs were coming in to them thick and fast. The Society cabled to the Royal S. P. C. A. in London, and the answer was, "No special evacuation pure-bred dogs America; trade in such dogs with States continues as before." Information from the American Kennel Club was to the effect that some of the specialty clubs had had some correspondence with clubs here to send some of their dogs to the United States, but if that were done it would be only for the duration of the war, and the dogs and their offspring were to be returned to England.

Since writing the above, the British Embassy in Washington has issued the following statement:

"The attention of the British Embassy has been drawn to statements to the effect that its co-operation has been obtained in connection with the evacuation of pet dogs from Great Britain to the U. S. A. There is no truth in these statements."

Whatever the Chicago broadcast accomplished, it certainly has caused no small amount of annoyance to several humane societies. Many people asking for information of this sort, where the inquiry is of a purely personal nature, generally fail to enclose a postage stamp for reply.

P. S. A letter to Mr. Coleman, president of the American Humane Association, dated July 4, from Miss Phyllis Robson, editor of *Dog World*, England, who is at present in Toronto, Canada, says: "I am amazed to hear of the scheme about evacuating dogs. I know nothing whatever about it, and in the last issue of my paper, June 7, no mention was made of such a thing. On the contrary everyone in Great Britain is carrying on in our traditional manner, and we are even holding dog shows."

## The Annual Report of the Turkish S. P. C. A.

THIS report, received from the secretary of the Turkish Society, Mrs. A. W. Manning, tells us that the year 1939 was the most active in the history of the organization. The constantly-growing work done by the Society and the increasing interest have finally brought it about that it is now recognized as a genuine public util-

ity. The number of animals brought to its refuge, whether sick or found wounded in the street or which have suffered from acts of cruelty, has been greater than ever before; and the response to the Society's many pleas for new municipal regulations has been most satisfactory.

One of these regulations forbids the use by children of what we would call, probably, slingshots, for shooting at birds or for wounding cats or dogs and even little children. The police have received an order to confiscate these slingshots and to bring them to the refuge, and the responsibility for the use of these weapons is placed upon the parents.

Another regulation forbids the use of cruel prods in the handling of animals, forcing them to a more rapid pace; and a third forbids the use of birds or other small animals for exhibitions in the streets, these often carried around in small cages, often exposed to long hours in the hot sun. Laws also have been added to the penal code for the protection of animals—laws which the Minister of Agriculture has elaborated and which have been approved and signed by the different ministers of the government. These laws are now being brought together and it is hoped that they will be accepted in the present session of the government representatives. That would constitute the most important event in the history of the Society and permit the extending of the Society's work in all the regions of Turkey.

Dogs humanely put to sleep, 2,814; cats, 5,446; horses, 12; asses, 2. Number of operations, 53; wagons and trucks lightened of their loads, 781; cages of bird dealers taken and destroyed, 90; slingshots taken and destroyed, 194; horses' bits taken, 380; animals furnished with food, 4,800.

All this shows splendid work and a work that has rapidly progressed during recent years through the untiring efforts of members of the organization, and enough cannot be said in praise of Mrs. Manning's long, faithful interest in the Society. What she has done for animals in Turkey is more than can be contained in any annual report or statistics.

## INVESTIGATIONS OF MASS. S. P. C. A. OFFICERS IN JUNE, 1940

### Abuse of Animals:

Beating, kicking or yanking horses	5
Working when galled, lame or otherwise unfit	17
Overworking, overdriving, or overloading	6
Not feeding or sheltering properly	39
Working blindfolded horse	1
Blindfolding cow	1
Working horses poorly shod and unshod	4
Poorly fitting muzzle used on horse	1
Injurious bits used	1
Shooting dogs, mutilating and docking tails	6
Sick or injured, not being treated	4

### Prosecutions Were for:

Shooting dogs	3 cases
Underfeeding horses	2 cases
Using galled horse	1 case

Horse Auctions Attended 13

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., when making your will.





Founded by Geo. T. Angell, Incorporated March, 1868

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**Other Small Animal Shelters of M. S. P. C. A.**

Boston, 170-184 Longwood Avenue

Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street

Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road

Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue

Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville

Wenham, Cherry Street

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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, *Pres.*; MRS. GEORGE D. COLPAS, *Ch. Work Com.* First Friday.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. MORTON B. MINER, *Pres.*; MRS. HERBERT F. PAYNE, *Treas.* Second Thursday.

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**MONTHLY REPORT OF MASS. S. P. C. A.**

Miles traveled by humane officers . .	18,127
Cases investigated . . . . .	424
Animals examined . . . . .	7,095
Animals placed in homes . . . . .	239
Lost animals restored to owners . .	66
Number of prosecutions . . . . .	6
Number of convictions . . . . .	4
Horses taken from work . . . . .	9
Horses humanely put to sleep . . .	26
Small animals humanely put to sleep	3,052
<b>Stock-yards and Abattoirs</b>	
Animals inspected . . . . .	40,837
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep . . . . .	28

**ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL**

**and Dispensary for Animals**

184 Longwood Avenue. Telephone, Longwood 6100

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**Springfield Branch**

Telephone 4-7355

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

**Veterinarians**

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.

H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

**HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE**

**At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston**

Cases entered in Hospital . . . . .	725
Cases entered in Dispensary . . . . .	1,869
Operations . . . . .	338

**At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street**

Cases entered in Hospital . . . . .	152
Cases entered in Dispensary . . . . .	532
Operations . . . . .	130

**At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.**

Cases entered . . . . .	73
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**Totals**

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915 . . . . .	183,760
Dispensary Cases . . . . .	462,001
<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>645,761</b>

**New Type of Ward at Angell Hospital**



OUTSTANDING among the many improvements made in the plant and equipment of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital during the past few months is a new "glass ward" containing 34 cages for dogs. The room was originally a horse ward, one of several needed when horse patients were much more numerous than at present. It had fallen into disuse, and the increasing demands for small-animal space suggested the remodeling of the ward to that purpose.

Translucent glass forms the side walls and backs of the cages, the idea being to admit more light and make them easier to clean. The frames are of steel, aluminum painted, with grill work in front and on top. Each cage is equipped with a covered drain to carry off the water when it is flushed. The floors are of cement. With the patients removed, the cages can readily be flushed out with a hot water hose in much less time and more effectively than with the older type of construction.

Sanitation, in fact, is one of the prime objects attained in these "glass wards," and veterinarians declare they constitute the last word in that respect. Glass permits practically no dirt to accumulate, and what little does can be easily removed.

The animal patients appear to be contented in the new cages, more so in the opinion of several of the doctors than in the older type of cages. That is a point that has been watched with a great deal of interest. The idea was original and it was not known just how the dogs would take to it. So far the veterinarian staff, which worked out the plans in consultation with Dr. Rowley, is satisfied it has hit upon a departure promising wide development.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Ave., Boston

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Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia  
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Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia  
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts  
Mrs. Jennie R. Toomim, Chicago, Illinois  
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina  
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

#### Field Representative

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

#### Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

#### SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR JUNE, 1940

Number of Bands of Mercy formed,	113
Number of addresses made,	221
Number of persons in audiences,	48,020

### For Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

### Work in the Schools

THE value of the American Humane Education Society's workers in the schools of many of our states for a better citizenship in the days to come is inestimable. Read the following, which comes from one of our workers in a Chicago school:

The principal of the school writes: "Twenty-two nationalities are represented in this school—among them Lithuanians, Americans, Germans, Irish, Italians, Croatians, Poles, Greeks, Bohemians, Canadians, Latvians, Hungarians, etc." For instance, in that one special school, 29 % are Lithuanians, 17% Germans, 11% Irish. Only 20% of the entire number are Americans.

Our worker in the schools of Chicago writes: When one realizes the many differences—which also mean hatred, antagonism, race prejudice—that come into the schools with these various nationalities, it is not difficult to imagine what our schools have to face for the future. Whatever is happening in the world today there are immediate repercussions in the schools. The day following Italy's entrance into the war, I visited a school of the greatest per cent Italian children. They were irrepressible. There was talk in the office of Fifth Column activities.

I sometimes feel the futility of a kindness program, but when I hear thousands of young voices reverently repeating the "kindness pledge," I am restored to the conviction that if only the children of all lands could be subjected to kindness baths instead of "blood baths," then man would prove himself worthy of the earth's blessings, and again I am stirred to carry on.

### Humane Trap Contest

For the thirteenth season prizes totaling over six hundred dollars were recently awarded to inventors and trappers in the contest sponsored by the American Humane Association, Albany, N. Y.

For traps holding animals alive and unhurt, five prizes aggregating \$225, were awarded. In the leg-hold class awards amounting to \$150 were made and for traps which kill humanely \$125 was paid.

W. E. Sanderson, the Association's Wild Life Director, says, "we have been making a world-wide search for devices that will trap animals with a minimum of suffering. The years of research have brought us nearer our goal in enlightening the world concerning true conservation and the justice due our wild life." Another humane trap contest will be announced later.

Rev. John W. Lemon, field worker of the American Humane Education Society, held an exhibit of humane literature at the Summer School for Teachers and the Ministers' Conference, at Hampton Institute, Virginia, in June. Nearly 1,200 were in attendance. The literature was very favorably received.

From a reader in Pasadena, California:

Dear Sir: I have been meaning to write you for some time to tell you how much I enjoy the magazine, particularly the space and understanding given to cats. It seems as though they are so often slighted. With appreciation.

### In Bible Lands

WE are glad to have our readers know something of what is being done in lands made familiar to us by their biblical names. There is the Oriental Humane Education Association for the Prevention of Cruelty and the Promotion of Kindness to Animals. This work is being done in Syria, Lebanon, Palestine and Transjordan, with headquarters at Merjeyoun, Lebanon. The organizer and president of it is Mr. N. B. Matta.

We have been in correspondence with Mr. Matta since he began his work. As usual, we were very careful to have him thoroughly vouched for and to be assured of his honorable standing in these various places, and of the public confidence in him. He has been doing a remarkable work. He sends us the following report for the year 1939, and up to the date of his last letter, May 10, 1940:

Animals put to sleep: 442 dogs, 228 cats, 30 mules, 24 asses, 22 horses.

Animals taken care of: 59 horses, 74 dogs, 31 cows, 4 geese, 3 rabbits.

Lost animals restored to their owners: 61 horses, 55 dogs, 52 cows, 36 donkeys, 31 mules.

He further says, "We are sorry to confess that we are unable to build a hospital for animals, but we shall continue in our determination until God enables us to fulfill this great work."

In addition to what it is possible for him to raise toward this work in his own country, Mr. Matta has received from individuals and other societies in this country and England only the small amount of \$218.25.

Mr. Matta is also doing Evangelistic work and, wherever he goes, carries his message of kindness, justice, compassion to all life—surely a Christian message if there ever were one. During the period above mentioned, he visited some 252 villages and cities, reaching 18,970 people, young and old; 64 branches of his Society were formed in schools and among older people. He says, "The children show by their conduct that they are getting much out of the new principles taught them." He further says, "We have organized a competition in which more than 300 persons took part, and prizes were given where it seemed wise."

Mr. Matta asks, for the benefit of all who might ever be inclined to help him in his work, that all checks be mailed to Mr. K. W. Moor, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and that they be drawn to the American Mission, Beirut, Lebanon. It was from this American Mission that we have received our endorsement of Mr. Matta.

Our American Humane Education Society aided Mr. Matta with literature, badges, posters, and a small amount of financial help given us for foreign work.

In the July issue of *Our Dumb Animals* we inadvertently referred to the *Humane News* as being the organ of the State Humane Association of California. Mr. Charles W. Friedrichs, secretary of that organization, sends us a correction, which we are glad to make. The only organ of the Association is *Our Animals*, published by the San Francisco S. P. C. A.

## Where Cows Come Up My Lane

MINA M. TITUS

*The sun sinks low behind the hills,  
The hush of evening falls,  
The night hawks and the whip-poor-wills  
Commence their drowsy calls.  
Nor guns nor gas nor battle's slain  
Intrude, where cows come up my lane.*

*A thin, white mist is hanging low  
Above the dew-drenched fields.  
A pungent odor, clover-sweet,  
The pregnant earth now yields.  
Nor guns nor gas nor battle's slain  
Intrude, where cows come up my lane.*

*And far across the pasture brook  
The long, dark shadows creep,  
As one by one all things turn home  
At dusk for rest and sleep.  
Nor guns nor gas nor battle's slain  
Intrude, where cows come up my lane.*

*To humble hearts at close of day  
Life brings a sweet content.  
And I am glad God's road for me  
Down country byways went.  
Nor guns nor gas nor battle's slain  
Intrude, where cows come up my lane.*

## The Mule Who Closed a Cathedral Door

DOROTHY L. PILLSBURY

THE great vaulted arches of the cathedral in Guadalajara, Mexico, are outlined in gold leaf. The statues of the apostles are of Carrara marble, and a real Murillo virgin smiles benignly from the ancient wall. But the great front doors are opened only once a year, in Holy Week, because a mule is buried in the entrance. All other times, saint and sinner must use a side door.

The mule belonged to the archbishop. Hundreds of years ago, when Mexico was a colony of Spain, the archbishop rode the mule all over his vast diocese. One rainy cold night in Holy Week, when the archbishop was returning from an especially arduous trip, the good Father became very ill but the mule kept steadily on toward Guadalajara and the cathedral, even while the figure on his back slumped in the saddle and the hands relaxed on the reins. Right up to the great hand-carved doors of the cathedral came the mule. When the attendants rushed out to help the archbishop to alight, they found to their horror that he was dead. Shortly afterwards, the mule died, too. It was a miracle, as any one could see. For that reason, the mule was buried under the great front door which has been kept closed to this day. All the world uses another entrance that the grave of a faithful mule may not feel the spat of braided sandals nor the heel of the gaping tourist.

Cruel treatment of animals is against man's duty to himself, because through it his compassion for the suffering of men is weakened.

IMMANUEL KANT

## In Search of a Family Cow

ALFRED S. CAMBELL



OF all the many families who move from the city to the country to live, most of them plan to own what is called a "family cow," that is, a gentle, quiet cow which will supply them with enough good milk for their own needs. It sounds like a very simple problem to solve; this search for a home-owned dairy, but if the truth were known it is one of the most difficult quests in the world.

The crux of the whole matter is this; cows by nature run in herds, and a cow away from her bovine companions is unhappy and restless, loses her appetite and shows a tendency to break through fences and run away on frequent occasions. On the other hand, a cow which has been brought up from early calfhood as a family pet will not miss the companionship which she has never had; but her owner will be so fond of her that he will be unwilling to sell her.

Often, in country newspapers, we find advertised for sale what are called "family cows," but we usually discover that these animals are simply cows which do not produce enough milk to pay for their keep in a dairy herd. That is the only "family" characteristic they have, and so the purchaser has the same problem of constant supervision with a very few quarts of milk as a reward.

All of this is not so hopeless as it sounds. It is quite possible to make any cow except a vicious one into a very satisfactory family cow, if you like animals, are observant and have a great deal of patience. A recent personal experience may serve to illustrate a method which I have employed on many occasions, and which has always been successful.

Last fall we disposed of our family cow, because she had had two sets of twins in succession and had for that reason gone down in milk production to almost zero. I went to a herd which was accredited by the state as being entirely free from tubercu-

losis and which I knew from examination and by checking with a local veterinarian to be free from Bang's disease and mastitis.

I chose a ten-year-old cow which I had seen milked several times. The milk was plentiful, of fine flavor and rich in butterfat. The age of the cow would be against her except that her udder was still in first-class shape. I also watched her eat, and noted with satisfaction that she had an excellent appetite.

When I brought her home, that was the first time that she had left the farm where she had been born and had grown up. As the oldest animal in a herd of about twenty-five, she had been self-appointed "herd leader." As soon as I put her in the barn she looked anxiously around for her companions, and then bellowed plaintively. She refused to eat or drink at first.

Then I brushed her from head to foot and stroked her until she grew quiet. After awhile she began to eat, and drank a bucket of water. For a few days she never ate unless one of us was present, talking to her. When we left she would bellow constantly. To offset her loneliness I bought a small calf which I put in an adjoining stall. It wasn't hers but it served the purpose. She quieted down at once.

The next problem was to teach her to lead. She had always been driven to and from the barn, but in order to take her from barn to pasture without her running away or trampling the gardens I had to lead her. I put a broad leather strap around her neck, with an iron ring through it. To the ring I could snap a lead rope easily. At first it was necessary to coax her along a foot at a time, pulling the rope gently. Whenever she would stop and pull back I would say gently "come along." In no time she knew the meaning of those words, and would follow at my heels with no more than a bit of string holding her.

In the same way I taught her to back from her stall, by pushing gently against her forehead and repeating the word



"back." She learned to come to the pasture bars when I called her, because when I took her in to be milked I always fed her some dairy ration.

Now she is the ideal "family cow." She never so much as moves when she is milked, and allows herself to be confined by the pasture fence. The calf is in another pasture, but the foster-mother does not bellow for its society. She eats and drinks regularly, and still produces plenty of fine milk.

In return, I brush her often, spray her several times a day during the summer to keep off flies and occasionally go over to her and scratch her head in places which she can't reach by herself. From time to time I take her along the roadsides on a lead-rope, for there is nice clover and tender grass to be found. I avoid any quick movements or loud noises in her vicinity, and when coming up behind her always speak so that she is not startled.

If she steps on my foot, as she sometimes does in her awkwardness, I refrain from a blow or any punishment, for it is an accident. Striking a cow, even if she should kick over the milk pail, only makes her jumpy and nervous. A cow that kicks does so because her udder is sore, because the milker is too rough or because she has been abused in the past at milking-time.

The whole secret of having a satisfactory family cow is in making the cow the family pet. She responds to good treatment, even to the extent of giving more milk for you than she would in a dairy herd. It is the kind of good treatment which is based upon common sense, and it pays dividends in time saved and in the satisfaction that we all have in the possession of a contented, well cared-for animal.

## "Oscar" the Beaver

MABEL-RUTH JACKSON

OSCAR" may feel quite confident of always keeping his soft brown fur on his own back. He is too useful in the particular forest preserve to which he has been transplanted to ever be allowed to pander to the vanity of any woman. Up to date he is the only member of his family in the whole Coronado National Forest of Arizona. He was brought there by order of forest officials and it was intended that he should found a family. This was mostly because the officials wanted him to feel at home and remain. But Oscar has been apparently content to remain a bachelor and pursue his vocation in lonely freedom. Bachelor Beaver of the Chiricahuas he is called and he is distinguished above all other beavers in that he has been placed on social security. This is because of the fine work he has been doing in flood control by building check dams along Cave Creek. "Hereafter," officials say, "he will be duly shown on our books as a member of the forest service soil conservation division with a special title of 'Executive vice-president in charge of flood control, soil erosion, dam building and tree culture.'"

Oscar's social security number is painted on a huge rock alongside one of the dams he has built, where he can plainly see it and be inspired to continue in his patriotic work.

## A Comedian's Canines

LOUISE PRICE BELL

EVERY cinema-lover knows Hugh Herbert and his funny and now famous "Woo . . . Woo," but few people realize what a dog-lover this fun-provoking gentleman is. Yet there is probably no greater humanitarian in all Hollywood than this comedian who,—when you actually know him, is a serious down-to-earth person with just enough sense of humor to make him likeable.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert live in a delightful but unpretentious home in the San Fernando Valley and have been happy together for twenty-five years. They hold no elaborate parties but live simply, with their dogs, their gardening and their small circle of friends as sufficient outside interests.

Not long ago I met Mr. Herbert just after he finished making "La Conga Nights" at Universal Studios. In this picture he takes the part of himself, his mother, and four maiden aunts—a feat which has never been attempted on the screen before. I wanted to talk with him about his dogs, but after watching him go through some rather grilling "takes" I hesitated to bother him lest he feel too tired to chat. But I was wrong. For as soon as I mentioned his canine pals, the tired look fell from his

face, his eyes took on a new light . . . and he was off on a long and interesting dissertation about his many pooches.

"Right now I only have eleven," he grinned. "But I'll have more soon as one of these is soon to have a litter of pups."

"Will you keep them all?" I questioned.

"I don't know . . . don't know . . . never can tell," he answered evasively, going on to tell me of larger numbers than that which he has had from time to time, then adding that of course he believed in the old saw that a man loves his own dog best.

Herbert has always been actively interested in the Hollywood Tailwagger Foundation and recently when Bette Davis resigned from the presidency, he was elected to succeed her, and a good president he is proving to be. This foundation sponsors the Dog Guide Institute where German Shepherd dogs are taught to guide the blind and to this project, Herbert has promised his loyal support.

At his home in the valley, the comedian is happiest when in old clothes he wanders about with his dogs, sometimes romping with them, sometimes resting, but always enjoying them as only a true dog-lover can do.



HUGH, IN HIS OLD CLOTHES, TAKES TIME TO FEED THREE OF HIS DOGS. HE CAN'T TELL WHICH IS HIS FAVORITE; HE LIKES THEM ALL

## Poor Little Puppy

LEONA HAHN

Poor little Puppy,  
Kicked in the street;  
Mangey and suffering,  
Nothing to eat.  
All pulling closer  
Their skirts as they pass,  
Poor little Puppy,  
Poor little lass,  
Watching so eagerly  
Each passer's eye,  
Hoping that friendliness  
Comes by and by.  
What if the Master  
Could see you today  
Hungry and suffering—  
What would He say?

Mankind has learned that there is one true friend who will cling to him in every hour of adversity, says the *News*, Springfield, Mass. He is only a dog, but man has discovered that in the animal kingdom is a companion who never stops to think of his shortcomings, who looks with compassion and a never-ending friendliness to the one he regards with greatest favor among men.

And man owes a great debt to the dog. The very nature of this most friendly of animals teaches him that faith and love are among the greatest of virtues, that nowhere in the field of useful endeavor is there anything to equal the virtue of clinging steadfastly to those we love.

## The First Flight

JOHN RITCHEY

Deep in the forest on a wooded stream  
I saw the feathered cygnet of the swan  
Sail out of leaf-dark water like a dream  
Into my sight; I watched till it was gone.  
At last the v-shaped ripples reached my hand

And died about my fingers. I was there.  
The only human in the forest's secret land  
To see those new wings climb the level air.

## The Friendly and Helpful Bluebird

DOROTHEA K. GOULD

HERE is no bird more willing to set up housekeeping in a dwelling made and provided for him than the bluebird. And for the bird-lover who wishes to have birds around, it is a good plan to put out boxes or bluebird homes on the premises, as these little friendly birds are only too anxious to occupy them.

It is also a good plan for the wise orchardist to encourage the tenancy of these birds by supplying a number of bluebird homes in his orchard. The birds do not injure his crop in any way, but they pay their rent many times over by destroying injurious worms and insects.

The bluebird is one of the best-known and beloved birds. It divides with the robin the mission of heralding the welcome message that spring is here, as it is one of the earliest birds to appear.

This little singer is about seven inches long, with a delicate blue black and red bosom. Its song is sweet.

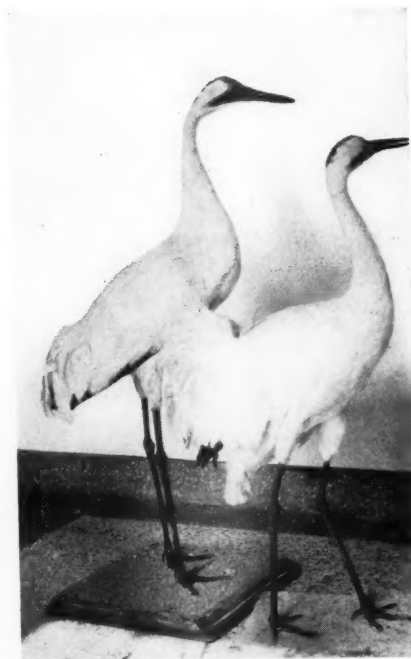
The nest is built in a discarded wood-



ONE OF OUR BEST BELOVED BIRDS

pecker hole, or other hollow in a decaying tree, where its eggs and nest will be sheltered from the rain. Usually there are from four to six pale blue eggs laid in a grassy cradle in the tree-trunk.

The bluebirds are very devoted to each other and are much concerned about the care of their young. These birds are found in the United States and Southern Canada east of the Rocky Mountains.



WHOOPING CRANES

## A Vanishing Race

MYRTLE J. BROLEY

IT is a tragedy that as certain species of our birds become scarcer their value to collectors rises so that the few survivors have such a price on their heads they are no longer safe.

Our largest North American bird, the whooping crane, is on the list of birds practically extinct, for only a very, very few of them remain. Its great size and pure white color made this bird an easy mark on our wide prairies and with the advent of the high-powered rifle it was doomed.

I well remember the one and only time on which I had the joy of seeing a whooping crane. He was a magnificent big fellow, leading a flock of twenty-six sandhill cranes. As he passed directly above I could see the black tips to his strong wings and it was easy to realize that the wing spread would be about ninety inches.

We watched them fly across a small lake to descend easily on to the stubble field beyond. The white crane fed a little apart from his lowlier relatives, raising his head often as he kept guard.

We have looked for him in these regions since but have not been fortunate enough to see him. Perhaps he was shot that fall—his skin was worth five hundred dollars. At any rate we did not tell people just where we had seen him. We did not want him harried and hunted. We hoped he might find a mate somewhere in the South and nest in safety with the few pairs known to reside in the Texas area. If no one discovers the two large, grayish cream eggs and they hatch safely into golden plumaged babies a small flock may grow from these few, serving to remind us of the wondrous bands which years ago used to fill the spring and autumn air with the booming chorus of their migration trumpeting.

## Protection at Last

LAURA A. BOYD

AFTER waiting 158 years Congress took time early in June to pass a law protecting the American bald eagle, the bird whose figure stands on the Great Seal of the United States. An authority on eagles, Representative Charles R. Clason of Massachusetts, sponsored the legislation. Representative Clason felt that something should be done by the federal government to supplement the laws which have been passed by more than forty of the states to protect this bird from extinction. A fine of \$500 and six months' imprisonment is the penalty for molesting the eagle.

The choice of a symbol to represent the new nation after the signing of the Declaration of Independence in 1776 was slow and rather difficult. Three times Congress appointed committees to choose a design for such a seal. The first committee consisted of, "Dr. Franklin, Mr. J. Adams and Mr. Jefferson." They could not agree on a design because each one had a different idea. Franklin wanted Moses shown drowning Pharaoh in the Red Sea; Jefferson wished to show Moses leading the Children of Israel through the wilderness while John Adams wanted Hercules between Virtue and Sloth. None of these plans pleased Congress and the report was "laid on the table."

A second committee appointed the following year fared no better. In 1780 Francis Hopkinson suggested a design of 13 stripes and 13 stars with some allegorical figures. This met with congressional approval until the cost was discovered and again the idea was dropped. Two years later another committee consulted with the artist William Barton, who suggested the crested eagle as the central figure in the design. Charles Thomson, chairman of the committee, suggested that the American bald eagle be used but when he read his report to Congress he left out the word bald.

Franklin, who was in France at the time, was disappointed at the choice and even went so far as to say that the American eagle was a "lousy bird" and he thought the turkey would have been far more appropriate because it was a native American bird and the eagle had been the symbol of many ancient nations.

## Hummingbird Carnival

HELEN FIELD WATSON

The Morning Glory's blue is on your breast.  
The lichens and the mosses of your nest  
Have caught upon your wings. Your  
shoulders' green

Is that of shadows, and your brilliant sheen  
Reflects from waterfalls where you have  
dipped

Your beak. The sweetness that you sipped  
From long corollas is much more than  
food—

It is your joy to press a fragrant hood  
Upon your tiny head, then drink the health  
Of garden fairies whom you court by  
stealth.

Please remember the American Humane  
Education Society, Boston, in your will.

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Three hundred and fourteen new Bands of Mercy were organized during June. Of these, 200 were in Rhode Island, 40 in New York, 30 in Massachusetts, 29 in Texas, six in Virginia, five in Florida, three in Pennsylvania and one in Illinois.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 251,436.

## Birdland Tragedy

INEZ CLARK THORSON

*Four wee eggs  
Under mother's breast—  
Four baby birds  
Chirping in the nest.*

*One small boy  
Aimed his gun—  
Mother bird was singing;  
Now her song is done.*

*Four baby birds  
Died—Poor things;  
Never sang a song—  
Never tried their wings.*

## Birds and the Blazing Sun

CONRAD O. PETERSON

THE August sun blazed down with all its fury. The hot rays seemed to have absorbed the moisture from soil and plant life.

But there was a fluttering turmoil in a shaded corner behind the granary. There, I had placed a temporary table. On this I had placed sliced cucumbers and watermelons, the surplus from our garden. This was garden produce that could not be sold.

These slices were full of seeds and moisture. This fact attracted the attention of the birds, and they fluttered noisily around the table.

I placed this table as far as possible from our garden of fruit and vegetables. I found this to be sound strategy, because the birds could feast on something other than our garden. It saved depredation, especially in our strawberry patch.

Birds, especially the cedar waxwing, crave something in the line of succulent fruit or vegetables during the hot months. If they cannot satisfy that craving, they will take their own initiative with corresponding results in your garden. A little strategy, plus some gifts of garden surplus, will please the birds, and further cement your friendship with them.

\*When you feel hot and thirsty during these blazing days, remember the birds. They, too, feel the heat!



JANE WITHERS FEEDING HER FAVORITE DOGS—"WHISKERS," "SUSIE Q," "PRINCESS," AND "REX"

## Vain Search

ADA ROSE DEMEREST

FOR several years I traveled, visiting and speaking in schools. I was assigned to a town in eastern Kentucky to speak before the upper grades of a private academy which carried pupils through the high school.

As I walked into the assembly hall before the students trooped in, a large black dog, half wolf and half collie, came stalking through. "I hope they get that dog out before assembly time," I said to my companion. "There's nothing more sure to upset a group of young people than a stray animal."

The dog passed out, and I forgot him. When the students were assembled, I was introduced. I stood up and began to talk. Suddenly my heart missed a beat, for down the center aisle came that dog. He marched with stately tread and continued right down to the very front. But, wonder of wonders! no one paid any attention to him. He stood with raised head, his eyes regarding me earnestly for a minute, then he sat down. During the whole time of my talk, he sat quietly, apparently my most interested listener.

After the assembly, the room was used as a study hall. I saw the dog go from one to another of the pupils and nose against their knees. Without lifting their eyes from their books, the pupils would reach down and pat him on the head. Then he would pass on.

To the principal I said, "I was panicked when I saw that dog come in. I had visions of a disrupted assembly."

"Oh, no," the principal said. "He's the school dog. He always attends assembly. You see, his young master, a fourteen-year-old lad, was a pupil here in the school. The dog always came with him. Sometimes he would wait on the porch during an entire session. At other times he would go home and come back in time to escort the lad home. Last year the young master died. The dog would not stay home after that. He insisted on remaining here. So we let

him stay. The children take turns bringing food. He goes and comes as he pleases; sleeps in the basement at night. He is part of the school life and his presence never distracts. Every day he noses from seat to seat. Maybe in his dog mind he hopes some day to find his young master in one of those seats."

## The Truck Driver's Christmas

DOROTHY DAY

One of the saddest and yet most beautiful sights I have ever beheld took place on a snowy Christmas Day on a heavily traveled highway. My family and I were in the usual gay, holiday mood, anticipating the joys of a feast to come and thinking back over the turkey, pudding, candy, and other Christmas delicacies, the delights of which had been tasted and enjoyed to the fullest extent. The car in which I was riding was coming toward a large truck going in the opposite direction, and an emaciated-looking, dirty white, mongrel puppy ran in front of the truck, made no attempt to avoid it, but hungrily plunged his teeth into something that lay in the way of the oncoming vehicle. The dog was so devoid of all sense but his utter hunger that the sight was heart-breaking.

I began to shudder, visioning the catastrophe that would surely befall the animal. There was a loud screeching of brakes. The truck driver stopped short of the puppy and waited. A can of salmon had fallen into the road. Passing cars had broken it open. The dog was trying ravenously to tear the salmon from the can.

It was a very cold day. The truck driver was none too warmly clad. After a few minutes of waiting, the rough-looking fellow stepped from his truck, walked out into the snow to the little homeless, far from attractive dog, and stooped down to pick up the puppy and what was left of the can of salmon. Tears were in his eyes. He walked back to his truck, wrapped the dog in an old bag, on the seat beside him, and drove off.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## To My Puppy

RAMONA ROBERTS

*You're a playful little puppy,  
Chasing round and round, in glee;  
Sprawling, rolling, tumbling, growling,  
Just as dear as you can be.*

*You're a darling little puppy,  
Fat, and comical to see;  
As you chew up my old slipper,  
Heedless, naughty, as can be.*

*You're a loving little puppy,  
Tired, now, as you can be;  
While your rough tongue licks my fingers,  
And your eyes just worship me.*

## "A Big Goose"

ETTA W. SCHLICHTER

THERE is no doubt in anyone's mind as to what is meant if he is addressed as a "big goose." If there should be, definition number two in the dictionary will settle it. It means a simpleton.

Yet very few of our expressions are less appropriate. A goose is anything but a simpleton in bird life. Indeed, one of our finest nature study writers has classed it as probably the most intelligent of birds, not even excepting the crow, whose canniness is well known.

In the first place, the goose has a well-ordered family life. Goose and gander mate for life, are devoted to one another, take evident pride in their offspring and discipline their broods with firmness and kindness.

Watch the stately procession as it marches from the barnyard to a near-by brook. Mother Goose takes the lead, followed by the goslings, the gander coming on behind to see that no harm befalls his family.



THREE WISE GRAY GEESE



## Mother Goat and Quintuplets

BERNARD L. KOBEL

SNOWBALL," the pet goat owned by Gus S. Tringos of Hutchinson, Kansas, recently did something very rare in the goat kind by giving birth to quintuplets. It is regarded as rare in the species as it is in the human kind and hence, in goat circles, Snowball and her babies have been a sensation.

Mr. Stringos and Virginia, his 13-year-old daughter, find it hard to keep from petting the quints which, incidentally, they have named after the Dionne quintuplets. In other words, they are "Cecile," "Marie," "Yvonne," "Annette," and "Emilie." Doesn't the mother goat stand up proudly, seeming to say, "Not many mothers have as nice a family as mine."

Let a small boy, or indeed a large one, undertake to catch a gosling and see what will happen. With an angry hiss, the gander will dart forward, probably seize him by the trouser leg and hold him fast while he beats him with his wings, and this beating is no joke. The wings are strong enough to lash one black and blue.

On account of their intelligence, geese are easily trained and quickly learn to respond to different calls directing them where to go or come. They are very obedient.

Many persons have made pets of geese and they are devoted and loyal. Mrs. Comstock, in her book on nature study, tells an interesting story of a little boy who had a pet goose as his constant companion. The boy fell ill and the goose moped and refused its food. When all coaxing failed to lighten its despondency, it was put beneath the window of the boy's room. He was wheeled to the window so he could look out and call to the goose. At once the bird cheered up and began to eat, but it refused to leave the place beneath the window till its young master had recovered enough to play with his pet again. We think of such loyalty as characteristic mainly of dogs.

Intelligence, a fine sense of responsibility to family, obedience to authority, loyalty and devotion in friendship—the wisecrackers who dubbed the "big goose" a simpleton, might stop and think and profit by its example.

## The Work at Fez

WHAT is going to happen in Morocco, for the good or ill of the American Fondouk at Fez, no man at the moment knows. If all French possessions should pass into the hands of Germany, that might mean one thing. If Fez should continue under the sovereignty of France, doubtless everything will go on as in the past. We are anxiously waiting to know what the future has in store.

Here is a report of some of the figures, looking back as far as 1935 and up to the present.

Total expenses for 1935	.....	\$5,543
Total expenses for 1936	.....	4,898
Total expenses for 1937	.....	4,158
Total expenses for 1938	.....	3,922
Total expenses for 1939	.....	3,699

	1935	1936	1937	1938	1939
Daily average, large animals	39	52.65	46.9	53.8	51.6
Daily average, dogs	7	7.65	8.8	6.1	6.2
Put to sleep	283	555	542	406	188

Up to the present, from all we can hear, everything is going along as usual, the average amount of work being done in inspection of other Fondouks, and work at markets and other places where animals may be found at markets or upon the streets.

### Report for May — 31 Days

Daily average large animals	48.8
Forage for same	\$ 43.15
Put to sleep	10
Transportation	1.94
Daily average dogs	6.2
Forage for same	1.36
Wages, grooms, watchmen, etc.	3.01
Superintendent's salary	61.64
Veterinaries' salaries	100.00
Motor ambulance upkeep	18.27
Motor bicycles upkeep	6.93
Sundries	2.59
	27.54

Actual operating expenses \$266.43

Entries: 8 horses, 11 mules, 50 donkeys.  
Exits: 8 horses, 12 mules, 52 donkeys.  
Outpatients treated: 190 horses, 96 mules, 35 donkeys, 1 cow, 14 dogs.  
Other Fondouks visited: 70, all native Fondouks.

**SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES:** Cases investigated, 409; animals seen, 7,402; animals treated, 640; animals hospitalized by us from above, 40; pack-saddles (infected) destroyed, 20; Arab-bits destroyed, 19; transported in ambulance, 12; sent by Police Dept., 12.

### One Day's Work

TUESDAY, May 21. 7.30 a. m. Usual work. French Police on duty at Bou Jeloud sent 1 mule to Hospital. 2.30 p. m. sent ambulance to transport a sick dog (belonging to Col. Petitjean). At the request of Dr. Larrouy, Municipal Vet. sent one man to the Pound to put to sleep a mule in a very bad condition and unable to rise. 2.30 p. m. to 4.30 p. m. Vet. visit, Dr. Rougureau inspecting and numbering 6 horses of public carriages, inspecting many outpatients, reporting all getting well. Animals in Hospital: 46.

G. DELON, Superintendent

## Auxiliary Acknowledges Gift

The Winchester Horse Show Association held its Horse Show on May 11. The Winchester Branch Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is very appreciative of the fact that it was the recipient of a liberal portion of the proceeds of the Show.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.

## IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

GREAT WINGS AND SMALL, Frances E. Clarke.

This is another excellent collection of "bird stories of our day" compiled by the well-known author, editor and prolific contributor in the realm of humane literature. Miss Clarke is also the editor of several popular anthologies about animals which include "Cats—and Cats," "Valiant Dogs," "Gallant Horses," and "Wild Animals." By this series she has rendered a fine service to the animal cause.

A great variety of birds form the themes of these well-told stories. Here are a few: condor, trumpeter swan, flamingo, bird of paradise, ibis, crane, pheasant, eagle, penguin, wild goose, raven, buzzard, blue jay, swallow, tern, phoebe, wild duck and wren.

Many distinguished writer-naturalists are represented in this select collection including such names as William Beebe, Alan Devoe, Walter Prichard Eaton, Cherry Kearton, T. Gilbert Pearson, Edward A. Preble, Alexander Rutledge, Herbert Ravenal Sass, Ernest Thompson Seton and a score of others no less famous.

So many fascinating phases does bird-life present to readers of all ages that this new and well-selected compilation will make a strong appeal.

332 pp. \$2.50. The Macmillan Company, New York.

## In Funchal, Madeira

Through our correspondent in Madeira, Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton, we learn that the Society for the Protection of Domestic Animals of Funchal, despite many discouragements, is making fair progress.

"What is satisfactory," writes Mrs. Houghton, "is the general appreciation of the Society. Distinguished visitors to the island have remarked upon the good condition of the animals, which has given us great pleasure."

A veterinarian is in daily attendance at the Society's hospital. During 1939 the receipts at the hospital exceeded the expenses. Efforts were made to enforce regular inspection of mules. New drinking-troughs for animals were erected at considerable cost. Money for expenses of the work was raised partially by auctions of donated articles and by a very successful bridge and mahjong tournament.

In the 1939 report of the Society we find an appreciative reference to Mrs. Houghton who "is undoubtedly one of the best and most valued friends of the Funchal S. P. C. A."

## The Omaha Convention

PLANS are rapidly maturing for the program of the sixty-fourth annual meeting of the American Humane Association, to be held at Hotel Paxton, Omaha, Nebraska, from September 23 to September 27, 1940. The first part of the convention will be devoted to children's work, with a dinner Monday evening presided over by Judge Herbert Rhoades of the Family Relations Court of Omaha. Other speakers at the children's sessions will be Mrs. Walter Stephen, John F. Smithers, Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, U. S. Senator Edward Burke, Roy W. Smith, and Mrs. Blanche Scott Lee.

Of special interest will be the address by Richard C. Craven on "Movies," in which he will present his experiences of the past year's work as a representative of the Humane Association in California. Other topics for the animal section include "Community Animal Organizations," by Dr. August C. Orthmann, president of the Wisconsin Humane Society; "Red Star Activities," by Arnold M. Amundsen of the Humane Society of Missouri; and "Preparation of an Annual Report," by Dr. W. A. Young of the Anti-Cruelty Society, Chicago. Regional managers of the National Live Stock Loss Prevention Board will be present and offer papers on various subjects connected with the handling of live stock. An exhibition of mounted specimens of animals killed by automobiles will be presented by Burlingham Schurr of Granby, Mass. Other features and topics to be discussed will be announced later.

## Our Dumb Animals

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### TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

### RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining Life	20 00	Annual	1 00
	Children's		\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

### FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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